

## VOLUME LXII.



## Miscellaneous.

## THE REVISED CLARKE'S COMMENTARY.

BY REV. W. W. BALDWIN.

Clarke's Commentary has so long held its place in the esteem of Methodism, that any attempt to better it, or to modify it, must be subjected to a careful scrutiny. Works of its class, that have become monumental, seemingly disappear by revision. To exceed the ability of the author is so difficult, that any attempt to do better on his foundation the work which he did, is to expose the reviser to the risk of failure. The original work was so ample in its scholarship, that a reviser might be tempted to unload it of this wealth. This of itself would make a revision poor as compared with the original. Another temptation of a reviser might be to modify its doctrinal positions, presumably to make them accord with the advance that thought has made in the last twenty-five years. But, here again, a Clarke's Commentary that does not teach the doctrines held by its renowned author must be a failure. The work of the reviser under the first stricture indicated above, namely, the unloading of its wealth, might be condoned; but under the second stricture a fault has been committed that Methodism is not ready to pass by in silence.

The reviser's preface to volume second of the New Testament intimates that "fidelity to the general doctrinal opinions of the original has been honestly adhered to," and he congratulates himself that it is "no important particular out of harmony with its spirit and purport; and that whatever has been added is substantially of the same character with the primitive stock." The words which we have italicized in the above quotation must be given a liberal and not a strict sense to cover the reviser's work where he has taken liberties with the doctrines of his original. There is only general, and not entire, doctrinal accord in particulars where the reviser might consider them not important, and yet others might call them very important; and what is added may be substantially, and yet not strictly, of the character of the original stock. At least upon one important doctrine, "the resurrection of the body," the original and the revision are antagonistic. The original holds to that doctrine, while the revision substitutes an essentially different fact in its place. This may escape the charge of "perverting an author's meaning, while still utilizing his name and reputation" (Vol. 2, p. 3), but it ought not to pass unchallenged by the church whose members have to assert that they "steadfastly believe" in "the resurrection of the body."

On Rom. 1:4, Dr. Clarke speaks of Christ's resurrection, as "raising His body from the dead;" Dr. Clarke makes it "a work performed in the spirit world (hades) where He displayed His power over death by coming out of that state." This is the omission of what the original commentary did say, and the insertion of an essentially different fact that it did not say. This style carried through the revision causes it to teach what Dr. Clarke did not teach, and contrary to what Methodist authors have until now quite uniformly taught. On Rom. 6:4, the original says "to raise up from the grave the dead body of Christ," while the revision says, "to raise up Christ from the dead."

What constituted Jesus' resurrection as viewed by the reviser, is shown in the note on 1 Peter 1:3: "But the resurrection of Christ—His triumph over death in the spirit world in human nature, and as the head of the race—constitutes every subject of His redemption an heir of eternal life." The same view is maintained by what the reviser inserts in brackets in the note on Heb. 6:2, "the doctrine also of the resurrection of the dead [that is, of the future life]."

In the comment on 2 Tim. 2:18, "saying the resurrection is past already," the reviser says, "The *anastasis*, in respect to which they seem to have erred from the truth, is elsewhere in the New Testament identified with the future life, or life after physical death." The statement of the original, "saying the resurrection was already past, and thus denying the resurrection of the body," the reviser makes, "saying the resurrection was already past, and thus denying a future resurrection." Very carefully is the "body" eliminated from the statement and kept separate from this fact of a resurrection.

On Phil. 3:10, the reviser again avoids the "body" by saying, "a resurrection which is Christ's as to its effectuating power, but of which man's spiritual nature is the subject," while the original said, "in having this body of my humiliation raised from death and made like unto His glorious body."

The reviser defines the "spiritual body" as a "purely spiritual essence individualized, of which the 'angels of God in heaven' are distinctive specimens." The nature of that spiritual body is further set forth as follows: "Recognizing the difference in kind between *matter* and *spirit*, it becomes evident that no amount of being subtilized can change the former into the latter. A spiritual body must be, therefore, in its essence, not a natural (that is, a material) body."

The "body that died" is thus effectively ignored in this revised commentary. Its presence would be an impediment which in the process of glorification would necessitate a substitution. Mr. Wesley said, "The plain notion of a resurrection requires that the self-same body that died should rise again." Mr. Watson said: "It represents the same body which is laid in the grave as the subject of this change from death unto life." But these teachers of a former age may have been left far in the rear, waiting for some reviser in turn to excise and substitute in their pages what modern thought has brought forth.

1. Whatever doctrinal views the reviser may hold is matter of concern chiefly to himself. Even if he disseminates them in his public teaching he is answerable himself for them. But from this follows no right to make Clarke's Revised Commentary teach them.

2. Whether his views are correct while the opposite are in error does not change the nature of his work in revision wherein he makes a monumental work teach doctrines its author would spurn and denounce.

3. The "progress of thought" may be a retrogression. Truth may not be in eternal flux as some would intimate. Error may have that quality. To change, then, is to leave the truth and not to carry the truth on an advance line beyond those whose views do not change.

4. New views of doctrines and new interpretations of Scripture may presume that old views and old interpretations were wrong, but the tests of time, through which the old have passed, may leave the new invalidated and confirm the old.

## LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

"Ye are the light of the world," the Saviour said to His disciples, and the true Christian should take that to himself, no matter what his calling in life. It is not for ministers alone, but laymen and lay-women. An eminent Christian layman in this city recently said himself down to die. His name was Robert Colgate. A Baptist in his religious views, many Baptist institutions were the recipients of his liberality. But he conducted his business upon Christian principles. His father before him, Wm. Colgate, founded the soap business and the son Robert founded the Atlantic White Lead and Linseed Oil Works. This has become one of the largest establishments of its kind in the world. Mr. Colgate has been a most active member of the church to which he belonged. And all this in spite of the fact that before he reached middle life he was smitten with a species of paralysis. This was often accompanied with much suffering, and as it advanced almost deprived him of the power of walking. It was indeed practically a daily battle with disease. But he was cheerful, industrious, persevering through it all, and whether in business or benevolence, in church, in the circle of friends among whom he moved, or wherever he was found, he adorned the doctrines of God in all things. A great lesson may be learned from his life. It proclaims the sufficiency of grace not only to sustain a man in physical suffering, but to keep him in the ways of Christian activity and Christian uprightness amid all the temptations and antagonistic tendencies of business life in a great city.

## OUR TRANSIENT JOYS.

There are some lessons that are preached to us over and over again. Not long since, the treasures gathered by a distinguished general from all parts of the globe passed from his possession into the keeping of the nation. They are his individual property no longer. More recently fire broke out in a Fifth Avenue gallery of paintings, valued in the aggregate at about one million dollars. Fortunately the choicest treasures were saved. The flames were confined to a small area, and the damage was confined to the tens of thousands of dollars. Let me mention another circumstance. Among recent deaths was that of Mrs. Mary Jane Morgan, widow of Chas. Morgan, of the Morgan Iron Works. She was married to him about thirty-four years ago. When he died she received so many applications for money from the needy and from the fraudulent that she determined to reduce her benevolence to a system. This she did, and has given much away, probably not sending a single dollar astray, so judicious was she in her giving. But she was an art connoisseur, and having the means to draw upon, she indulged her tastes extensively. She had in her art collection two hundred pictures, worth in the aggregate hundreds of thousands of dollars. She had also rare specimens of Japanese and Chinese ware, and she designed many beautiful works of art which were executed to her order in silver and gold. One Chinese vase cost her about \$15,000. But she is dead, and not one of all these beautiful

things has she taken with her. It is said that her entire collection was worth two million dollars. It is not unlikely that its contents will now be dispersed. I have mentioned three cases, which bring out in three ways the transient nature of earthly possessions. Financial flames threaten the destruction in a night of what it has taken years to gather; and now death empties the hands of the prized gems and treasures of a lifetime. Surely, we will do well to heed the Master's words and lay up more treasure in the land where losses come not.

## A MISSIONARY ANNIVERSARY.

The Fenton St. prayer-meeting is to celebrate its twenty-eighth anniversary on September 23 next. Its establishment was one of the earliest results of one man's consecration to lay missionary work. That one man is Mr. J. C. Laphier. He was a business man in June, 1857, when the consistory of the North Reformed Dutch Church invited him to become their lay missionary. He was surprised at the suggestion, but as he prayed about it and meditated upon it, he became convinced that the call was of the Lord, and so he became a missionary. He entered upon his work on July 1, 1857, and on the corresponding day this year recalled the days of his consecration, in the noon prayer-meeting, and spoke of what the Lord had done for him. He is a modest man, a lowly Christian. In a quiet way he has had the joy of leading hundreds of souls to Christ. But I verily believe it never occurs to him to think of what he has done for the Lord. On the other hand, I am convinced that his heart is ever mindful of and grateful for what the Lord has done for him. Doubtless some of us need more of this spirit, that views all success in Christian service as some new mercy vouchsafed to us of God.

## PAST AND PRESENT FRUIT.

One of the most regular attendants at the noon meeting, and an old "chum" of Mr. Laphier, was once an infidel, and in other ways caused the missionary much sorrow. But the latter labored with him and prayed for him, and by and by his friend was saved. He did not care for Christians of any kind as Christians, but he particularly disliked the Methodists. It pleased God, however, so far to humble him as to lead him one day into a Methodist church, and there to convert him of sin. He afterwards became a member of a Methodist church and local preacher, and an acceptable one, too. He was blessed to the salvation of souls.

But Mr. Laphier still has the joy of helping the unsaved to the Redeemer. Very recently a request for prayers was read from the desk at the noon meeting. In it the writer asked prayer for himself. He wanted to be saved. His wife was a devoted Christian, and he wanted to be one also. He was about to start on a journey, and he asked prayer that he might come back a saved man. The request was sufficiently unusual to attract special attention. A stranger heard it, and prayed most earnestly for the man's conversion, even before he should leave on his journey. It transpired that the petitioner was in the meeting, and he was deeply moved by the prayer made in his behalf. He made his presence known after the service, and the missionary retired for prayer. The missionary says that in place of talking very much to such seekers he prefers to pray with them and to invite them to pray for themselves. In the present case prayer prevailed, and the anxious man rose from his knees exclaiming that he had indeed found peace. The load was lifted. "And now," said he, "I must go right home and tell my wife how great things God has done for my soul." Such incidents as this might be mentioned again and again. It is thus that the faithful missionary has ever and anon the joy of bringing his fellow-men to Christ.

## SUNDAY DESEREGATION.

Church news is scant. Many pastors are off for vacation. Some churches are closed, but not many. All who desire to hear the word of the Lord can do so. Thousands upon thousands of our fellow citizens seek the mountains or the sea shore on the Sabbath day. The Saturday half-holiday movement is gaining ground, but I do not think that the desecration of the Lord's day diminishes at all, as some thought it thereby would. One newspaper proprietor who has been liberally commended for his enterprise in raising money for the pedestal of the Bartholdi statue, has provided a Sunday play-ground for the newsboys and the waifs of our city. The play-ground is situated upon the Hudson, and about two thousand of the boys are taken up by boat every Sunday morning and brought back in the evening. They indulge in base ball and other sports all day. One of God's laws requires us to keep holy the Sabbath day. To raise the pedestal for liberty with one hand and with the other hand to help these lads break God's law, is to destroy with one hand what the other is seeking to uphold. There can be no permanent liberty where God's laws are unheeded.

NEMO.

## MICHIGAN.

BY REV. GEO. W. HUDSON.

## THIRD PAPER.

## METHODISM IN MICHIGAN.

The Methodist Episcopal Church is the oldest Protestant denomination in the State. The French having first made a settlement here, it goes without saying that Roman Catholicism was first in the field. It cannot but seem marvelous and an indication of the will of God in favor of Protestantism that one portion after another of this great country should have been plucked out of the hands of its first owners who were Roman Catholics, and given into the hands of Protestants.

It is said that the French first visited

this peninsula in 1610. They founded Detroit in 1701. In 1763 it passed into the hands of the English. The United States did not come into possession of it until 1796. Up to this time the inhabitants consisted of a few fur-traders and trappers, and the roving Indians. In 1804 the Territory of Michigan was organized.

The territorial organization led Methodism to recognize the importance of the field. An attempt was at once made to take possession of it. In 1804 the celebrated Nathan Bangs was appointed to the Thames circuit, Canada, by the New York Conference. As may be inferred, the jurisdiction of that Conference then extended over Canada and the Northwestern Territory, and we might almost say, "from the rivers unto the ends of the earth." Bangs' circuit included Detroit, which he visited in the fall of 1804. He intended to make it a regular appointment. He was not the first Protestant minister to visit the place, however. He met a Congregational minister, who had been here for some time. He said to Mr. Bangs on his first visit, "If you can do the people any good I shall be glad of it, for I cannot." The bold itinerant made three visits to Detroit. At his first he had a good congregation; at his third he had only a few children. He shook off the dust from his feet and left them. It seems that he was the last Protestant minister who visited the Territory until 1809. In May, 1809, Rev. Wm. Case was appointed to Detroit. But there was no society, and no Protestant professor of religion could be found. The appointment was evidently made largely on account of the importance of the place, and possibly at the solicitation of some of the territorial officers, who had nothing of religious services except preaching in broken English by a French priest.

In 1810 the first Methodist class and the first Protestant society of any kind was organized by Rev. Wm. Mitchell. In 1815 the first Methodist church was built, being, also, the first Protestant church in the State. In 1836 Michigan Conference was organized. It included, however, the northern part of Ohio, until 1840. Methodism in the State then numbered (in 1840) 78 ministers and 11,523 members. In 1856 the Michigan Conference was divided as nearly as possible into two equal parts, and the Detroit Conference organized. Detroit Conference, however, has much the larger and more unyielding territory, having the whole of the upper peninsula. Although about equal in membership at the division, as might have been expected from the more favorable territorial make-up, the Michigan Conference is outgrowing the Detroit. The statistics in 1884 were as follows: Michigan Conference—members, 29,952; probationers, 3,335. Detroit Conference—members, 27,093; probationers, 2,045. Total in the State, 62,425. Some other States can make a better showing in totals; but I think only one other State, viz., Iowa, can make a better showing according to population. And when compared with other denominations in this State, I do not know but that Michigan Methodism is entitled to feel proud. This membership is nearly, if not quite, equal to all the Baptists, Presbyterians and Congregationalists and Protestant Episcopalians in the State, the four other leading Protestant denominations. And as these statistics indicate, Methodism has this peculiar power: it is not confined to important centres. While it occupies the important centres, and owns some of the finest and most commodious church buildings in the State, it is diffused everywhere. Go where you will, you will find the inevitable Methodist church pointing its spire heavenward and disseminating Gospel truth to elevate the people. In all these places you will find Methodism measuring up pretty well to the height of her privileges, stronger in the more populous districts and with finer churches, and weaker in more sparsely-settled communities and with humbler churches; but well up to the foremost churches of other denominations wherever they contend with her for the patronage of the church-going public. And the beauty of it all, that with our grand itinerant system, all our societies, whether large or small, rich or poor, whether in the populous southern peninsula or the inhospitable, sparsely-settled northern, are always supplied with pastors. And this is true of Methodism everywhere. Other denominations are compelled to acknowledge this advantage. Long live the itinerancy!

Another thing which has greatly promoted the growth of Methodism in this State has been the care of the Conference for the "frontier work." In this State may be found all the conditions of the "new West." The northern counties are filling up with people who are making strenuous efforts to get homes. They have not the means to support preaching; but they long for it, and if helped in their need, they soon become self-supporting. Each year each Conference secures a liberal missionary appropriation from our general missionary fund. Then in every congregation throughout the State a collection is taken for the northern work. The whole is distributed among the ministers who are serving those churches in the new settlements. Last year the total reached something like \$15,000, spent for missions in Michigan. And, large as it seems, it is not more than half the sum needed. Many of those ministers actually suffer for the comforts of life. But it helps plant Methodism where otherwise it could not go.

But now I must touch on a phase of Michigan Methodism which is not so satisfactory. With all of our strength as a denomination, we have only one Methodist Episcopal college in the State. Other States with no more Methodists can boast of several Methodist colleges. Michigan has only Albion College; and even that has had to struggle for an existence. The effect is manifest. According to statistics recently published in the *Christian Advocate*, our denomination has 159 higher

institutions of learning, with 26,511 students, or one student to every 65.7 of our lay members. Dr. J. S. Smart—of whom I shall have occasion to speak more particularly in a moment—says that if we hunt up every student from every Michigan Methodist family in any higher institution of learning, we would have less than one student to every two hundred lay members in our State. That is not very creditable when compared with the general average of one student to every 65.7-10 lay members.

The result of this shortcoming of our Methodism is manifest in another direction, because the Michigan Conference does not publish a register of its members. Looking over our Conference register, I find thirty-five ministers set down as having come from Canada. Forty-four new-comers have this part of the register blank, but most of them are from Canada; that is, 79 who come from outside of Michigan certainly. Then I find 70 set down as having come from New York, 38 from England, Scotland and Ireland, and 42 from States other than Michigan. This makes 229 out of a total Conference roll of 272. Of course some of these came to Michigan while young, and were educated here. But it is safe to say that 200 ministers of the Detroit Conference were raised and educated outside of our State. If the Michigan Conference maintains anything like the same ratio, it must be conceded that our church in this prosperous State is a heavy borrower, and is liable some day to become bankrupt unless we can have a change for the better.

It may be inferred that this is due to a lack of consecration among our people. But other facts seem to contradict this idea. We have sent out a number of missionaries into foreign fields, notably a splendid corps of ladies who are now in the fields occupied by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Some are in India, and some in China, and some in South America. No, it is not lack of consecration. It is the influence of secular training. Let a young man convert, and feel in his soul a call to the sacred office of the ministry. Let him start to school to make preparation. The schools are good, but they are secular. They foster indifference and worldly-mindedness. The young man loses his zeal. He finds nothing to help him, but many things to hinder. By the time he finishes his course his religious convictions are dissipated, and he thinks only of worldly emoluments. He is lost to the church. How different would have been the result in any good Methodist school! These religious convictions would have been deepened, piety would have been strengthened, and the student would have gone out to build up the church.

But not only would such young men be saved. Their number would be multiplied. In our denominational schools our Methodist boys and girls are drawn together. Many go because others go, having no particular aim in life. Others go to have a good time. Still others go to educate themselves and try to achieve honor. A large part, perhaps the greater part, go without religion and without serious religious convictions. They have been through revivals in the home churches, and have revisited every influence brought to bear upon them. But in college a revival breaks out. They see many of their own age who are active, earnest Christians. It sets them to thinking. Surroundings are different. They are away from old associates. They yield. They are converted. How often there are sweeping revivals among the students of our colleges! At Albion now there is a great revival going on among our Methodist students gathered there. It is in the Methodist Episcopal Church of Albion, but among the students nevertheless. The students thus converted first begin to think seriously of life's work. Many of them then feel a call to the ministry, and henceforth study with an object in view. From those colleges as centres of religious influence have thus been sent out consecrated men to fill up the ranks of the ministry. Michigan having but one such college, and that not efficiently equipped, has not felt much of this power, and hence has had to borrow her ministers.

It is time for the people to understand that the great need of the church and of this country, is Christian education in higher institutions of learning—education under positive religious influences, where it is not a crime to expound the doctrines and practices of denominational faith. This is the need, not only of Michigan, but also of Ohio and New York and New England. It is the need of the whole country. Our public schools are secular, necessarily so. They cannot be public and be denominationally religious, and to eliminate all denominational teaching, is to leave nothing but lifeless generalities. That is all right. We believe our public school system is the best we could have. But when we come to higher education, and our boys and girls pass out from home and Sunday-school, then we need something more positive. That something we cannot have in the State University. That must be secular like the public school, because supported in the same way—at the public charge. It must come through denominational schools. Oh, that Christian philanthropists could understand this, and lay their wealth at the Master's feet for the endowment of such schools!

I am glad that Michigan is waking up to this interest, and that there is now an organized effort to lift our Albion College to the front rank of Methodist educational institutions. The idea of a higher institution of learning for Michigan Methodism was first conceived in 1833, three years before Michigan became a State, and long before Michigan University was started. In face of such facts often repeated, how unjust is the charge that Methodism is not the friend of education! Everywhere the first care of the fathers next to the salvation of souls was the education of their children. The first

charter was obtained in 1835, locating the school at Spring Arbor. Difficulties arose, and it was never opened there. In 1839 the charter was amended, changing the location to Albion. There the school started under the name of "Wesleyan Seminary." How the fathers loved to attach that name to their schools, as a kind of "patron saint." And not without reason; for the founder of Methodism being a scholar himself, was the firm friend and advocate of higher education, as his acts all plainly showed.

The prime movers in our State were Rev. Henry Colclazer, Rev. E. H. Pilcher, and Dr. B. H. Packard, whose names deserve honorable mention. In 1861 the charter was again amended, changing the name to Albion College. The institution has seen many hard struggles. At one time it was seriously involved. Through the efforts of David Preston, the banker of Detroit, and late prohibition candidate for governor, it was lifted out. But it is still insufficiently endowed.

Now it is proposed to change its name to Asbury University, and liberally endow it in this centennial year as a monument to the pioneer bishop of Methodism in America. Both Conferences have taken hold of the matter. Rev. J. S. Smart, D. D., of the Detroit Conference, and several times a delegate to the General Conference, has been appointed agent. He is a native of New England, having been born in Maine. He raised money in 1866 to build "Heck Hall" at Evanston, Ill. He has recently secured a gift of \$50,000 to endow the chair of mathematics. It is the gift of Ezra Bostwick, of Union City. It is hoped that others will soon follow suit until we have funds to found an institution in Michigan worthy of the name and fame of Bishop Asbury.

## SHALL I GO TO CAMP-MEETING?

BY REV. JOHN J. PICKLES.

Why, yes, if possible. How can I afford to miss the sacred influences which cluster about the consecrated grove? What memories of past blessings troop before the mind! The stirring songs, the pungent preaching, the fervent prayers, the glowing testimonies, the sweet power of Christian fellowship continued through a week, stimulate the faith, inflame the ardor, and quicken the zeal of all interested in the advancement of the kingdom of Christ. The benefits of camp-meeting are many and varied.

1. It calls for personal examination in its first impressions. When one first comes upon the ground and hears the wholly consecrated men and women from many churches speak out the fullness of grace in which they constantly walk, it arouses inquiry as to one's own condition, and possibly will lead to some temporary discouragement. But it will not be without its benefits, for the really sincere disciple takes it as a challenge for a more intelligent and comprehensive devotion of himself to God.

2. This secures a richer experience of divine grace and a fuller manifestation of the divine life to himself. The area of Christian attainment is enlarged, new territory is won from the hand of evil, greater personal fellowship with God is enjoyed, and a burning desire to disseminate these new-found experiences flames within the soul.

3. Renewed activity in personal service now characterizes him. In the tent's company, at the stand, under the trees, opportunities multiply to comfort the discouraged, to bind up the broken-hearted, to appeal to the unsaved, and to press others into the highest possible walks of the Christian life. Power from God flows in upon him, and as many as touch him become conscious that there dwelleth in him helpful and healing virtue. Under the burning appeals of fire-baptized preachers holy enthusiasm for God and His cause becomes the law of his being. He sees as he never has before the grandeur and glory of the Christian service. He takes in the full scope of a religious life, and with willing mind surrenders himself to all divine currents, and rejoices that he can be a channel through which healing streams may flow to others.

4. His love for the church of God becomes intensified. He sees that noble men and women in other fields are pushing the battle and resolutely antagonizing the kingdom of darkness; that he is a part of a mighty host whose ultimate aim is the dethronement of evil and the enthronement of Jesus Christ in the affections and will of humanity. It gives him encouragement to gather with detachments of the grand army and rejoice in victories already secured, and in greater achievements yet to be realized.

5. His views of the Gospel and its adaptation to sinful, suffering men become more realistic, take deeper hold of his every-day life, and give him renewed power in commending it to others. He grips and holds it as the only panacea for human sin, and throws it out amid the struggling forces of human society absolutely confident that if accepted it will solve all difficulties in personal, social, political and ecclesiastical relations.

The continued and growing power of such a meeting projects itself into all the future of a person's life. He comes back to his church under the spell of burning testimonies, prevailing prayers, mighty sermons, to renewed zeal, greater faith, sweeter experiences, and sheds through all the services the beneficent influences which have taken possession of his heart. His home and business life becomes more Christlike, and everywhere we take knowledge of him that he has been with Jesus.

And so with all our hearts let us go to camp-meeting, not as critics nor as idlers, but longing to be and to do and to become more efficient in personal service for the Master.

Metairie, July 7.

## NORTHPORT.

BY REV. C. B. DESH.

The above is the seat of one of the most popular camp-grounds in Maine. It is situated on Belfast Bay about three miles from the beautiful city of Belfast, with which it is in direct communication by coaches and steamers. On the grounds of the Association and contiguous there are 150 cottages, more or less. The Waverley House furnishes accommodations for transient visitors, or for such as do not care to occupy cottages. A post-office, grocery, restaurant, barber's shop, etc., furnish all needed supplies and conveniences. A wharf at which the Boston steamers touch daily, and excursion parties frequently often, keeps one in communication with the surrounding region and the outside world. The beautiful bay upon which it is situated furnishes abundant facilities for bathing, boating or fishing. No prettier or more desirable spot for a month's or a summer's vacation can be found in Penobscot waters—possibly not many superior anywhere in Maine.

But our purpose in this article is not to write up Northport as a summer resort or a vacation retreat—which might be very fittingly done—but to call attention to what seems to us to be necessary to its future success as a camp-meeting or church enterprise. That it has accomplished a good work in the past along the usual line of camp-meeting labor, none will deny. It has been the birth-place of many souls, and the place of quickening for many more. Revivals have followed its meetings on many charges, and eternity alone can reveal its results for good. But its work along this line is well-nigh over. As a revival or evangelizing agency it is powerless to-day to do anything more than is done by the churches at home. The same preachers and congregations and services which characterize our churches and chapels at home constitute the services here, and no new or extraordinary results do or can follow. Once many outsiders unused to our methods and experiences came under our influence; now rarely any. A congregation of two or three thousand gathered in our auditorium at Northport to-day will not have as many hundreds in it who are not members of the church; and these are so scattered in cottages, etc., or so transient visitors to the grounds, that only the preaching service touches them. The services, therefore, amount to but little, or anything more than similar services at home.

In view of this fact, is it not time to call a halt and change the plan and purpose of our meeting, so as to adapt it to existing circumstances? Is it not a waste of time and energy and opportunity to have our camp-meeting only an ordinary meeting. It ought to be so if only we recognize the situation and plan accordingly. There is no need to lament that it is not the revival agency that it formerly was, or to talk of abandonment. The meeting can be made a power for good to-day not a whit inferior to anything it has been in the past. We get the ear of great crowds on these occasions—why not educate them in the great things of the church? Why not have a carefully prepared programme for the entire week, with well-chosen and fully prepared speakers for every occasion? Why not make every day a great day for some great cause; and enthusiastically presented? Monday might be missionary day; Tuesday, church extension; Wednesday, freedom's aid; Thursday, education; and Friday, temperance. Different phases of each topic could be presented at the different services each day by different men; and the whole programme for the entire week could be published weeks before the meeting opens, so that everybody should know beforehand what was to be discussed on each day, and who was to discuss it. In this way an interest would be aroused in the meeting possibly such as does not now exist, and a much-needed and invaluable work be done for the church at large. Bishops and secretaries might be invited to participate, but if these could not be secured, we have brains enough at home that could be utilized grandly. Think of it, brethren.

## LASELL SEMINARY.

I was appointed by Conference to visit the above-named school, and did so on the fourth of June. The visit was a most enjoyable one. I was impressed most favorably with the location, which for beauty and healthfulness I think cannot be excelled.

The building is sufficiently roomy for the present need, but an increase of students in the near future (which is easy to foresee) will create a demand for additional room. Throughout the entire building, all is convenient, neat and home-like. The gymnasium is new, and is supplied with all modern appliances for muscle building. This training of muscle is under competent teachers, so there is no lack and no excess.

Prof. Bragdon, the thoroughly efficient principal, is an intensely practical man, as good as he is practical, and so genial that students and visitors are likely to forget that they are in a school, and imagine themselves in a home; and yet it is an institution of learning, as I found by visiting several of the recitation rooms. The young ladies gave evidence of having thoroughly applied themselves to their tasks. I believe good thorough work is done in this school in training the mind, and that the heart is not neglected, which is too often the case.

It is to be sincerely hoped that Prof. B. may not go South, as there appears now a possibility. We wish for him many happy and prosperous years in Lasell Seminary.

W. M. STERLING.

Waterville, Me.

Where there is shadow there is also shelter; the roof that shuts out the sun may shut out the storm as well.







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ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON, MASS., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

# Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 29, 1885.

The worst thing that can happen to a sinner man is to be let alone. The loss of health, of friends, of fortune, or of position, may be repaired, but when a man, by deliberate determination to continue in sin, moves God to say, "He is joined to his idols, let him alone!" he suffers an irreparable loss. Henceforth the devil is his despotic master, and his evil passions lord it over his conscience, his reason, his will. Unhappy man! What worse thing could befall thee?

He who refrains from doing a known duty through fear of what ungodly people may say, is not Christ's freeman, but the slave of corrupt popular opinion. But he whom Christ has made free glories with Paul and his persecuted converts, in being called "fools for Christ's sake." He can glory, if need require, in being "made a spectacle to the world." Standing shoulder to shoulder with his brethren, he joins them in saying,—

"What matters to us men's judgments? We have flung  
Away all thought but this—that sin we hate  
Because it bars us from our only joy,  
From Thee, dear Lord!"

## IN THE MORNING.

BY PROF. H. F. LIGGOTT.

"The General moved restlessly, and his eyes for a few moments ceased to fix on the trees where a new day was beginning."—*Mr. McGregor Correspondence.*

It was morning on the mountains,  
And the faintest flush of day  
Stole in from the tree-tops,  
And kindled far away;  
And the weary eyes grew brighter  
As the curtains were withdrawn,  
While afar they looked and waited  
For the coming of the dawn.

But coming in its beauty,  
With crimson and with gold,  
The eyes were all too weary  
Its brightness to behold;  
And when the growing splendor  
Poured its glory over all,  
It was morning on the mountains  
Where the shadows never fall!

Ward, Pa.

## THE NATION'S LOSS.

The great commander is at last at rest. The Republic buries her first and noblest citizen. In view of his physical sufferings, it was almost a relief on last Thursday morning to receive the final word flashed along the magnetic wires that the desperate struggle was over and the suffering hero was released from his final and painful trial. In no campaign on the bloody field has the great chief shown more heroism and quiet, courageous endurance than in this last encounter and victory. In spite of the constant assurance of his skillful medical attendants that the disease which had so fatally grasped him must result in death at no distant period, the remarkable vitality of the General, his rallying several times from the very verge of the grave, and the favorable results at first apparent upon reaching the cottage upon Mt. McGregor, encouraged the hope that the progress of the malady might be arrested, and that a life which had become more and more dear to his countrymen might be still longer continued. His sudden relapse and sinking away came with almost the abruptness of an unannounced and unexpected peril.

Nothing could be more pathetic, not even the lingering hours of the dying President Garfield, after his assassination, than the scenes in the General's New York home and in the mountain cottage where the last messenger met him. A remarkably domestic man for one who had been so much in public, tenderly attached to his family circle, the beloved faces

have all been near him during nearly all the last months, ministering to his wants and tearfully cheering him in his brave conflict with a fearful disease. The eyes of the nation have been constantly drawn to the scene of his suffering, and have eagerly read, every morning, as the most interesting incident of the daily news, the short report from his sick chamber. The few remarkably comprehensive and impressive words which, from time to time, General Grant has uttered, have been read with dimmed eyes and the profoundest emotion by millions throughout the land. The spirit the noble patient has exhibited, the sweet charity he has constantly shown, the inexpressible sensibility manifested, which has been easily read between the lines of his short responses to the almost unnumbered testimonials of love and sympathy which he has received from all classes of our citizens—from old comrades in arms, from great religious convocations—and the characteristic, modest, but positive, intimations of his confiding trust as a Christian disciple, and his personal interest in the religious exercises which have continually cheered his sick room—all these, with his heroic endurance of exquisite pain, have tended to awaken the deepest emotion in the hearts of the people and to greatly enhance their already high appreciation of the real nobility of his character.

Reckoned by events, his life can hardly be said to be prematurely cut off. Few persons are permitted to be leaders in so many incidents which will enter into the world's permanent history. Only one great name shares with him, in the country's record for the first century, the honor of being at the head of her army in a national war, and of the administration of the government also. This alone will forever associate his name with that of the "father of his country." His double term of office as President, by its inevitable occasion for political jealousies and malice, for a time, seemed to shadow his great fame as a triumphant military commander, and to weaken the national sense of obligation to her great General; but happily time enough has been permitted to elapse for the full recovery of the old enthusiasm. The latest expressions of estimation from the highest officers and from the ranks of the Grand Army, and even from some of the most skillful generals in the Confederate forces, with the sober judgments of the best historians of the civil war, and the frank opinions of European military critics, have renewed and freshened the sentiments of his fellow citizens as to the exalted rank he holds among the world's great generals, and the gratitude and loving remembrance he has honorably won from his countrymen for all time to come. He dies, without doubt, holding in the world's history the permanent position as the greatest military leader of his day. And this is all the more readily accorded to him in view of his other great qualities, which often are conspicuously lacking in great army leaders. His modesty, his unselfishness, his broad charity, his marked sincerity and simplicity, that personal presence always producing upon the minds of those coming in contact with him a sense of his calm, clear and positive good judgment, add, in a marked degree, to the appreciation of the real greatness of the man.

It is an occasion of unfeigned gratitude to God, that his life was so far protracted (although doubtless originally greatly shortened by the occasion) as to enable him to give the most satisfactory evidence that he was in no wise implicated in the amazing frauds which wrecked his own fortune and depressed his spirits more than any calamity which had fallen upon him. It has been made to appear beyond a doubt that he was utterly uninvolved as to the transactions of the reckless men who used his name as well as his money to trade upon. The full confidence and profound sympathy of the American people turned in a powerful tide towards his sick-room, and he had the satisfaction of knowing this. He dies without a shadow upon his memory.

It is another occasion of grateful congratulation that the dying man's strength was preserved long enough to enable him to complete the story of his life and of the late war. He seemed to have summoned his physical energies to the execution of this task, and they collapsed at once upon its completion. His preface to the volume, the ink of which is barely dry upon the manuscript, is one of the most pathetic pages in modern literature. If we may judge from the portions which have been published, the work will bring an additional honor to his name. The volumes are marked with his best characteristics. Their subject is not simply an autobiography, although this portion of the work will be of special inter-

est, but they give an honest, clear and vigorous picture of the chief campaigns and battles of the late war, presented as few writers could have done it, combining, as did General Grant, personal knowledge, military scholarship, and a remarkably direct and forcible style.

Reckoning by years, our great General has left us too soon. He was simply in the prime of his mature life—but sixty-three years of age. But there is a divine Disposer of events, both national and personal, and it is "appointed unto man once to die." Doubtless this is the best hour for our leader to fall. He has rounded out his life, and dies full of honors and the affection of his countrymen. His last hours were soled by the dearest forms of earth to him, and by the prayers of the servant of God toward whom his heart turned with the warmest affection and trust confidence. He has enjoyed a long period of calm preparation for the solemn and sublime hour. He had, himself, begun to sigh for the moment of release. He could safely entrust his family to the kindly care of grateful fellow-citizens, and his soul into the hands of his Saviour in whom he heartily believed. He has fought his last battle and gained the victory.

"Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb;  
Take this new treasure to thy trust,  
And give these sacred relics room  
To slumber in the silent dust.

"Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear  
Invasive thy bounds; no mortal woes  
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,  
While angels watch the soft repose."

## THE HERO OF THE CONGO.

Livingstone was inspired with a higher motive than the powerful fascination of a life of adventures in a wild country, or with a laudable ambition to add to the field of geographical knowledge the immense unexplored depths of Central Africa. He had in his heart an unquenchable desire to bear out to the millions of the "Dark Continent" the inestimable blessings of the Gospel, and to open up its undiscovered channels for the entrance into them of the powerful forces of Christendom. His journals bear testimony to the extraordinary resources of this remarkable man, his heroic persistence, and his unquenchable moral inspiration. His last birthday inscription in his diary at the heart of Africa was, "March 19, birthday. My Jesus, my King, my Life, my All, I again dedicate my whole self to Thee. Accept me, and grant, O gracious Father, that ere this year is gone, I may finish my task. In Jesus' name I ask it. Amen, so let it be." When found dead in his tent by his faithful and heart-broken servant, he was upon his knees, evidently dying in the act of prayer.

Mr. Stanley, who took up and brought to a wonderful completion his great work, was moved by different inspirations. He was an ideal newspaper reporter, alert, intelligent, indefatigable, tireless in effort and inexhaustible in resources. He was all this, and so far as a public reputation was concerned, nothing more. We can but be struck with the enlarging and ennobling influence upon him of the great enterprise which he undertook. It developed a depth and breadth of character, a gravity and substantial greatness of mind, without destroying the natural cheerfulness and social adaptation of the man; it broadened and sanctified his original purposes, and although he did not personally enter into any form of Christian propaganda, it awakened within him fervent reverence for the Gospel of the Son of God and for the true teachers of revealed religion.

His interest was first aroused by his personal relations to the great missionary explorer himself. Livingstone had been lost to the civilized world for nearly two years, and no little anxiety was felt in his behalf. The enterprising young publisher of the New York Herald, Mr. James Gordon Bennett, moved, we have no doubt, by higher motives than simply to enrich his own columns, or to advertise himself and his sheet throughout the civilized world, at an expense of \$20,000 sent his rare reporter, Henry M. Stanley, to discover, if possible, the absent explorer, if he were living or dead, and if living to bear to him the substantial aid that he must be in need of by this time. If living, he was doubtless at the time exploring the country around the great lakes—the supposed sources of the Nile—and completing the geography of a country which had been partially revealed by Barton, Speke, Grant and others. A more western lake than Victoria, called Tanganyika, supposed, also, to be one of the sources of the Nile, had only been slightly explored. Probably in this portion of the country the lost traveler might be found. And here, indeed, he was discovered by the vigorous newspaper writer, and rescued, as

Livingstone believed, by the direct interposition of heaven, with the abundant means which Stanley and his followers brought from Zanzibar. The American remained for a time with him, learned his views, heard his suggestions in reference to a large river on the west of the lake, not running to the north towards the other lakes and the Nile, but apparently into the depths of the continent. It was not as yet connected with Lake Tanganyika by any positive discovery. It was to solve this problem that Livingstone was devoting himself. Stanley, who had several severe attacks of fever, sought earnestly to persuade his devoted friend to return to England, recover his strength, and then come back and finish his work. But Livingstone was unmoved. He had set himself to a certain task, and would not leave until it was completed. His brave daughter, with a bursting heart, had written, in a letter brought by the rescuer, that as much as they longed to welcome his return, if his work were not completed, to finish it, whatever it might cost them at home of sacrifice and suffering.

Stanley's reports upon his return to civilized life made a profound impression in England, on the Continent, and in America. He was himself in London when Livingstone's body was finally brought home, and was a pall-bearer when he was buried with high and solemn honors in Westminster Abbey.

Stanley himself had now become fascinated with the subject of African exploration. He bought and read everything that had been published in modern years upon the theme. He apprehended the importance of a discovery of the immense breadth of country on both sides of the equator, still an unknown region geographically. Conversing with an intelligent member of the staff of the London Daily Telegraph—Mr. Edwin Arnold, we believe—he proposed to Mr. Stanley to complete the work of Livingstone. Mr. James Gordon Bennett was telegraphed to unite in the enterprise with the London paper. The characteristic answer was: "Yes; Bennett." This was the genesis of the great undertaking which was consummated in the years 1874-6, and the marvelous incidents of which were embodied in the intensely interesting and exciting volumes, entitled, "The Dark Continent." He found the full significance of the great western river. Literature hardly has a parallel to these adventures—their daring character, their perils, the wisdom as well as the courage displayed, the astonishing perseverance, the triumph over difficulties and diseases, the close verge, so often reached, to absolute failure and awful death, and the final reaching of the mouth of the immense African river as it pours into the Atlantic.

No voyage or tour of discovery since that of Columbus has produced a more powerful impression upon the civilized world, and it is likely to share with that in its influence, not merely upon the dark millions of Africa, but upon the whole Christian world. Europe has been powerfully moved. One of her intelligent rulers, over a limited dominion indeed, but one of royal purposes—Leopold of Belgium—has headed a remarkable movement, uniting the chief countries of Christendom for developing this newly-opened territory in the immense valley of the Congo. Stanley was sent back to enter Africa on the other side and to proceed up the river for the purpose of establishing commercial towns, and thus opening the productions of the country to the outside world and creating markets for the benefit of the somewhat overwrought commerce and industries of Christian nations. This second thorough exploration of Central Africa, under the most favorable circumstances, the account of which has just been given through the press of the Harpers, in two superb octavo volumes, entitled "The Congo," is almost as exciting as the first. The man has evidently become larger, wiser, more comprehensive in his vision. He is called upon for an equal display of prudence, knowledge of human nature, infinite resources, heroic endurance and perseverance. He is the hero of the Congo. Other men will follow him and be called to make sacrifices. Missionaries will enter through these graciously opened gates. There will be noted exhibitions of self-consecration and impressive virtues; but still nothing can occur in human histories in following years to efface the memory of these heroic records. His name, although sparingly used and commemorated only by a wide expanse in the continental stream called Stanley Pool, will always be associated with the opening of the "Dark Continent" to the light of civilization and Christianity. He will ever remain and go down to the ages as the hero of the Congo.

## EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Thursday was a memorable day in our nation's history. There was but one name upon all lips. The flashes of the telegraph were everywhere eagerly and tenderly watched. Every fresh incident recorded in the extra papers which were issued was hastily caught up. The wires were busy in all portions of the land bearing to the sorrowing family on Mt. McGregor the sympathy of all classes in the community, from the President to the private soldier of the Grand Army. Flags drooped to half mast. Stores hung out their sad memorial drapery. The solemn bell tolled slowly a first requiem. Mayors all over the land called together their city governments for appropriate tributes. Never were there more sincere and hearty expressions of sorrow, affection, sympathy, and respect offered in memory of a dying man. The proclamation of President Cleveland was particularly touching and impressive. And so, also, was that of the admirable document of Governor Robinson, of Mayor O'Brien, and of long columns of other governments and of private citizens, and the great of the other has been postponed from time to time, although he has constantly sought to have it brought on. The men of the saloon think they have broken the power of the League. Judge Aldrich found that his jury would not take the testimony of the agents of the League. These officers of the League take only the same measures to discover breaches of the liquor law that public and private detectives of crime and the city police are constantly using—measures that are just and honorable. The selection of jurors and the management of these drinking cases are affected in our city by these fatal liquor influences. This is the reason why thoughtful and order-and-law-loving men have urged the appointment of a State commission of police for the city, and have good hope that its establishment will effect some change in the present deal of justice in these liquor trials.

It certainly admits of an honest doubt whether the collection of literary criticisms, essays and biographical papers issued under the title of "George Eliot's Poetry and other Studies," by Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, would have secured a sale of seven or eight editions within a month of their publication had not the author been at the time "the first lady" in the land, and her volume sent out from the presidential mansion. But the work, which has been elegantly issued from the press of Funk & Wagnall, really merits the favor which has been secured by these fortunate accidents of its publication. Miss Cleveland is a very vigorous writer, with a strong personality running through her productions. She evidently thinks for herself, and has carefully cultivated her critical powers. Her opinions are strongly supported by argument and illustration. Her judgment as to the poetic ability of George Eliot will hardly be questioned. Her essay on Modern Altruism is both sharp, crisp and excellent, and her historical papers, which fill the body of the work, evidently exhibit the special taste and study of the cultivated writer. The volume, as a representative one, to be published, also, in London, will bring no dishonor to our countrywomen, and its reading will prove an inspiration and a means of culture to our own young ladies.

An ingenious and sanguine writer in the Texas Christian Advocate of July 18, opposes any change in the name of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, as failing to accomplish the object desired—to relieve it from the supposed odium of being a "sectarian" church. The writer affirms that whatever distinguishing name might be chosen for the body would simply perpetuate the incident of its separation from the original church. He thinks, however, that he has fallen upon a plan to relieve the difficulty. He argues that, after the legal separation by order of the Supreme Court, in accordance, as he affirms, with the ancient and approved constitution of the part of the General Conference, the remaining portion of the church had no longer a right to the original name; that we should have appended the term "North" to it, as they did the term "South" to their co-ordinate body. Now this writer proposes that, as this ought to have been done and we had no right to the name, we should in "equitable and legitimate manner" assume the appropriate name of the "United Methodist Church." Then, he thinks, would have equal rights in their previous united history, and neither be sectional. Providing the church that has remained loyal to her traditions refused magnanimously to do this, the writer proposes that an appeal be made to the courts to enforce the act and thus secure their rights. Considering how warm it is at this hour in Texas, this is about the coolest proposition, under the circumstances, to which we ever listened. We heartily advise the writer to pursue his plan. Nothing is more certain than that the M. E. Church will not make an addition to its name. It is more than possible, also, that in an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States as now constituted a different opinion in reference to the ability of the church to raise the name of the church at the time. See *Dea's Old Landmarks and Historic Personages of Boston*, page 123, and others.

One of the most useful of the annual additions to the year's literature is the Annual Cyclopaedia and Register of Important Events, published by D. Appleton & Co., uniform with their American Cyclopaedia. It makes an octavo of 855 pages, and is a condensed epitome of the leading incidents of the year. We have a full account of the war in Egypt, and of the condition and resources of that country, an instructive article upon Afghanistan, sketches of the noted dead of the year, an account of the advances of science, the industrial enterprises of the day, a full sketch of the progress of the cholera and its sanitary defenses, a record of religious denominations, with an admirable condensed report of the proceedings of the Congress of the United States for 1884-5. It will be seen at once how valuable for constant reference such a work must be. The present volume, covering the year 1884, is the ninth of the series, the whole forming an encyclopaedic history of the progress of civilization, and of the chief events occurring in our country during the last decade. This volume has a fine engraving of President Cleveland of King Humbert of Italy, an excellent one of General Gordon—the best we have seen—with many other illustrations and maps.

We learn from a note written by Rev. H. Woodward, of Bellevue, Florida, of the death in that place of Rev. Jarvis A. Ames, late a member of the New England Conference, and well-known in this vicinity. He has long been an invalid, but was confined to his bed in his last sickness but about a month. His mind was clear to the last. He had won the respect and love of the church where he resided, and died in great peace. His obituary, written by Bro. Woodward, will soon appear.

Rev. C. F. Williams, one of our able and devoted Iowa pastors, stationed now in Keokuk, is making a short visit East. He was a graduate of Williams College, and attended the late commencement exercises. Fourteen or fifteen years since, when the editor was chaplain of the House of Refuge, Bro. Williams was a much-esteemed teacher in the institution. He has since been chaplain of a Western prison, and will speak at the great temperance meeting to be held Aug. 4 at Cottage City, upon the relation of intemperance to crime—a line of thought which he has given in a very impressive manner before many audiences.

Our Bishops, in very earnest and stirring sentences, individually and jointly, commend the effort of the missionary secretaries to raise the collections for the current year to one million dollars. They warmly emphasize the need of such an increase, their opinion of the ability of the church to raise the amount, and their growing hope that this result may be attained.

A correspondent writes:—"Dr. Trafton, alluding to Brattle St. Church in his article of a recent issue of your paper, speaks of the 'shot' embedded in the wall, in Revolutionary times, and says he thinks it may have been sent from Bunker Hill. That would be impossible and strike the front of the tower as it did, but would be a 'sure shot' sent from Fort Washington, Cambridge, as Drake says it was. And others say it was 'hot,' designed to explode the magazine in that church at the time. See *Dea's Old Landmarks and Historic Personages of Boston*, page 123, and others."

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We had the pleasure of attending the examination of one of the higher classes of Dr. Geo. Stebbins, Principal of Wesleyan Academy, Wilbraham, in political economy, at the late anniversary. This is a specialty of the Doctor. He taught classes in it for five years when president of the Lawrence University, Wisconsin, and has been a contributor to the periodical press upon the subject. We were struck with the interest he had awakened in his class, and the remarkably intelligent views they expressed upon even such delicate subjects as the tariff and free trade. The Doctor has embodied his studies, his practical experience and lectures, in a small doctum of 195 pages, which he entitles an "Outline Study of Political Economy." The volume is issued from the Chautauque Press—which would be a marvel in view of the neatness of its publication, did we not discover, in a corner, that the Chautauque publishers avail themselves of the facilities of the first-class printing house of Rand, Avery & Co. of this city. We have examined Dr. Stebbins' book with some care and much satisfaction. The definitions are concise and precise, the arrangement is natural, and the treatment of the different departments of the subject—produce, labor, capital, consumption, exchange and distribution—is candid, readily apprehended by the average pupil, and usually commanding acceptance by its reasonableness. The volume is one of the best compendious treatises for high schools and academies. It can be obtained at the Methodist Book Rooms in New York, and at the Depositories.

## Personal and Miscellaneous.

We record with sincere sympathy for the bereaved family the death of Mrs. Harriet C. Cary, the beloved wife of Mr. John G. Cary, the secretary of Wesleyan Association. She died Saturday, July 18, after a short illness. Mrs. Cary was a lady of marked piety, modest, retiring from public observation, but exhibiting the beauty of holiness in her home and social life.

Mr. E. B. Treat, the New York publisher, has in press "The Life and Times of Gen. Grant," by Hon. J. T. Headley, author of "Washington and his Generals." It will make an octavo of 700 pages, and be sold for \$2.50.

What a noble testimony to the manly virtue and chasteness of General Grant is given by an intimate friend as referred to by Mr. Dana of the New York Sun. He said that General Grant "never uttered a word that he would have wished his wife not to hear."

The American Agriculturist for August is as attractive as a work of art, with its fine illustrations, as it is valuable as a practical encyclopedia of hints and counsel for the season. It is difficult to see how the farmer or the gardener can afford to do without it. It will delight the family as well as aid the out-of-doors workman.

We were favored last week with a call at the theocline from our old college classmate, Rev. Dr. Robert Allen (Wesleyan, 1841). He is at the head of a State Normal College, Carbondale, Ill., and visits the East in the interest of the institution. The Doctor is a wide circle of friends in educational and religious circles and in this portion of New England, where he formerly taught and preached.

Our Congregational brethren are not a little troubled with the lack of control which the denomination, as a body with a determined creed, has over its young ministers, and just now, especially, over its theological seminaries. This topic was quite fully and earnestly discussed in an address before the alumni of the Hartford Theological Seminary at the annual exercises, last May, by Rev. F. S. Haich. The address has been neatly published by the Pastoral Union.

Rev. D. C. Babcock adds to his labors as a representative in Pennsylvania of the National Temperance Society, the editing of the *Lodge Visitor*—the organ of the Independent Order of Good Templars, published in Philadelphia. He makes an interesting sheet, specially adapted to the patronage of the societies, but full of vigorous temperance thought, incident and argument.

The Chaucer Hall Annual for 1884-85 has become a duodecimo volume of 129 pages. This old classical and English school is now a popular mixed institution for both sexes, with departments for young children. It has reached its fifty-eighth year. Its site in the city is of the finest, its building every way adapted to its work, its faculty large and able, its popularity and standard of scholarship unabated, its commencement crowd our large halls, and its motto still is excolis. Messrs. Ladd and Dantell are its principals.

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fame. He is well known in New England and the Middle States as a popular preacher, and successful educator, having filled prominent pulpits in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and New York, besides doing excellent work as professor in the Vermont Conference Academy and the Pennsylvania Seminary. N. J. We congratulate our friends of the New England Southern Conference in their selection of an able and popular president for their institution, and predict for him a successful administration. The prospects for a full term the coming fall, we learn, are very promising.

In order to awaken and encourage among the young people an interest in American history, a series of prizes, first and second, to be contended for by the pupils of the High and Latin schools of the city, called the Old South prizes, to be awarded to essays read in the Old South Meeting-House, has been established. The subjects are annually announced. The plan has been in operation since 1881. Last year Mr. Franklin E. E. Hamilton, brother of Rev. J. W. Hamilton, then of Boston Latin School, now of Harvard College, won the first prize. The prize for 1881 was awarded to Mr. Henry L. Southwick, of the Dorchester High School. The subject was, "The Policy of the Early Colonists of Massachusetts toward Quakers and Others, whom they Regarded as Intruders." The trustees of the meeting-house have commenced the publication of the prize essays with this of Mr. Southwick. The interesting and thoughtful paper amply justifies the wisdom of the publication.

The Book Agents at New York issue in good style the volume containing the proceedings, discussions, sermons, essays, and addresses of the Centennial Methodist Conference held in Baltimore last December. It makes an octavo in volume of 534 pages. It is a very interesting volume for what it signifies, and a book to be preserved as the monument of a very important era and event, and all the more valuable for its intrinsic worth. The addresses and sermons were by the leaders of all our American Methodist families, and are well worthy of their representative character. They are full of information and of inspiration. No Methodist library is complete without the volume. It can be found at the Depository.

The *Daily Journal of Ithaca*—a university town, Cornell University being located upon its beautiful lake—contains a full report of a seasonable and eminently faithful sermon by Rev. J. F. Clymer, upon "Discipline." It is a wholesome sermon to repeat in other large towns and cities.

In nearly all the pulpits of Boston and vicinity memorial discourses were delivered last Sabbath. The tenor of them all was eulogistic, showing the profound impression the man has made upon his fellow-citizens, and especially the general sympathy for his late severe physical sufferings and appreciation of the heroic and Christian patience with which he has borne them.

As our forms are being looked up for this week's issue (Monday), the great public memorial meeting in Faneuil Hall on the death of Gen. Grant is in session. The meeting was to be called to order by Mayor O'Brien, and Governor Robinson was to preside. Judge Devens and others deliver addresses, and ex-Mayor Prince presents appropriate resolutions.

The *Pulpit Treasury* for August has for its frontispiece an admirable wood-cut of the pastor of the Grace M. E. Church, Boston. It also prints a thoughtful and well-developed discourse by Dr. Bolton upon "Christian Succession," reported specially for this periodical. Dr. H. H. of Chelsea, gives an interesting sketch of Dr. Bolton, his early life and entrance upon the ministry. This number of the *Treasury* is crowded with suggestive homiletic articles and hints.

A. J. Grover, who knew President Lincoln intimately, tells, in *The Current* of July 25, how Mr. Lincoln became impressed with the poem beginning "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" when he first made use of it, and who its author was.

The Methodist Recorder is the organ of the Methodist Protestant Church, published in Pittsburgh, Pa. It is edited by Rev. Dr. John Scott, who was a fraternal delegate to the late Centennial Conference in Baltimore. We have been struck with the painstaking and excellent taste of Dr. Scott in the management of his sheet, upon which he seems to have little editorial assistance. His selections are excellent and his editorials fresh and varied, sharp and pertinent to the hour. The sheet is an eminently religious family paper. His denunciations owe to the Doctor their sympathy, respect and ample support in his omissions and faithful labors.

Good Housekeeping began with a fine promise, and more than fulfils its earliest pledges. The illustrated papers of Mr. E. C. Gardner on "Model Homes for Model Housekeeping," are worth, of themselves, the subscription price of the periodical. The July number has a continued story by Rose Terry Cooke, and practical papers on "Sweeping," "Keeping the Kitchen Cool," "House Decoration," "Company Dinners," "Poetry of Dishwashing," "Scraps," and an abundance of interesting household miscellany. Clark W. Bryan & Co., Holyoke, Mass.

The *Art Amateur* for August opens with its seven supplemental plates, for designs, embroideries, metal working, etc. Its frontispiece is a page of illustrations from the Paris Salon, 1885. It has the usual interesting collection of art notes and criticisms. There is a finely illustrated sketch of "The Home of Garonne" a paper on "Jewish Art," and a series of articles on "Decorative Art," and fresh and full contributions to various decorative household departments. Montague Marks, 23 Union Square, New York City.

The Rochester Morning Herald (N. Y.) reports quite fully an able and seasonable sermon by Rev. Dr. C. W. Cushing, preached in the First Methodist Church of that city, July 19, upon the liquor traffic and its restraint by prohibition rather than by license. The sermon would make an excellent and very useful temperance document.

Mr. Henry Chandler writes from South Berwick, Me., July 20:—"I am sorry to give you the sad intelligence that Rev. E. W. Hutchinson, pastor of the Methodist Church in this place, dropped dead this morning not far from five o'clock. He was on his way to Old Orchard with his wife, riding with his own team. They had nearly reached the village of Wells when he fell and soon expired."

The North American Review issues for the benefit of the Pedestal Fund an elegantly printed and illustrated pamphlet, entitled, "The Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World." The letter-press is a description, by the sculptor, Frederic Auguste Bartholdi, of his great work, and a history of the remarkable undertaking. There is a fine portrait in it of the artist and an elegant steel-engraving of the gigantic perfected statue on its pedestal, with illustrations of its manner of construction and of its separate parts. It has a copy







## The Family.

### THE MESSAGE FROM OVER THE SEA.

BY ELIA C. G. PAOR.

Once, when my heart was weary,  
A message came to me  
From distant friend beloved—  
A message from over the sea.  
It brightened all my pathway  
By storm clouds darkly blurred;  
I sang about my labor,  
Cheered by that loving word.  
It filled my soul with music,  
And made the shadows flee;  
I blessed the love that sent me  
A message o'er the sea.

Now the friend whose message cheering  
That made my sad heart sing,  
Hath entered in a chamber  
Of the palace of the King;  
But oftentimes when weary,  
There seems to come to me,  
To cheer my feeble courage,  
A message o'er the sea:  
"Dear one, I wait to greet you,  
I guide you by my care"—  
A hush comes o'er my spirit,  
I bow as if in prayer.

So I feel an angel presence  
Wherever I may be,  
That o'er a boundless ocean  
Sends messages to me—  
The ocean whose wide billows  
Break on the eternal shore;  
Some day I'll cross its current  
To greet her evermore.  
Sweet, sweet, within the harbor  
The meeting hour will be,  
When her I see who sent me  
A message o'er the sea.

Methuen, Mass.

### HOW THINGS WERE DONE.

#### An Allegory.

[MR. EDITOR: The following allegory, written by my grandfather, REV. ASA KENT, some time after he completed his seventieth year, will interest those who would like to know how things were done in the long ago. It was given me by the author a short time before his death, in 1860; and I have often thought of offering it for publication, but it has never seemed convenient until now.—W. T. WOOD.]

I fancied myself in Joshua's tent, in Gilead, at that season of the year "when kings go forth to battle." He very kindly invited me to abide in his tent during the approaching council of war. Great were the preparations. His captains of hundreds and of thousands were assembling in fine spirits. Eleazar, the high priest, and his brethren were busy at the altar, whence the cloud of smoke ascended. While the sacrifice was being consumed, prayers were offered before the mercy-seat, that the Lord would go forth in the midst of the armies of Israel.

The council assembled in Joshua's tent, and the venerable chief arose. He had seen a hundred years, and yet his eye and countenance spoke courage and kindness. He raised his hand, and congratulated his men of war that they were permitted to meet again on this great and important anniversary. "We ought to acknowledge all merits from our covenant-keeping God." He bowed down, and poured out his soul in thanksgiving and prayer; after which, he said: "Listen to me, my brethren. Our land is not yet subdued. The Canaanites have entrenched themselves, and secured their stronghold, and still retain much of the inheritance which the Lord promised unto our fathers. We have divided and subdivided our forces, and given a charge to each of our captains of hundreds, in hope to bring all our strength into service, and thus secure a universal victory; but we have not succeeded according to our expectations. I fear we have sought our own ease, or convenience, rather than triumph by the arm of the Lord of Sabaoth. It pains me to see so much evidence of a wish to settle down upon what we have gained already; and it is now considered very commendable if the captain has lost no territory during the year. Let every captain arise in the strength of the God of Abraham, and buckle on the armor, and prepare for hard fighting this year. We shall pursue our former plan, and if any stations are involved in peculiar straits, or if any officer is particularly embarrassed, I should like to be informed; and I will do my utmost to make the best possible arrangements for the good of the whole."

He closed, and desired the captains of thousands to retire with him to prepare the preliminaries, and apportion to each his work. My intimacy with Joshua permitted me to know what was said in secret; and I hope no one will blame me for publishing now what was said so long ago, though it might compare with some things of more recent date.

As the council adjourned, Eliab came in to speak a word with the general. "I am sorry," said he, "to trouble you. But I wanted just to tell you that my health has quite failed, as also that of my wife; and my constitution seems quite broken in my hard labor last year at Hebron, in the hill country. There were the Anakim—I often saw them—and I am sure I have not the strength to grapple with such giants. In fact, I have no skill in warfare in such a rugged country. I have thought that if I could go to Sharon, where the sea breezes might revive me, and the fragrance of the indigenous rose exhilarate my wasted energies, I might possibly recover from these alarming symptoms. If I cannot have some accommodation, I do not see but I must seek other employment. Excuse my freedom; but I wanted you to know my situation as soon as possible."

Teman had been waiting, and wanted a word with Joshua: "I have been at Hazer, in the north country. I have seen the snow on the heights of Lebanon in harvest time, and the chilly air has painfully affected me. My physician tells me if I have any regard for my health and that of my wife, I must move to a more congenial climate, and the sooner the better—for now there seems a possibility of overcoming our decline. I think that station at the foot of Mt. Carmel would be very accommodating. My constitution requires exercise;

and it would be delightful to ascend the mount, and inhale the healthful sea breeze, and behold the sublime beauties of the setting sun over that vast waste of waters. My wife is passionately fond of floral beauty, and we could walk through the valley, and on the banks of the Kishon, and gather flowers. We could inhale the zephyrs from the vale of Sharon, and these might revive our wasted appetites. I love the cause to such a degree, and my heart is so set upon it, I cannot think of any other employment; but if it is not expedient for me to have that, or a similar station, I should like to know it as soon as possible, as I might have occasion to make some further suggestions."

"Your case shall be considered," said Joshua. "Meanwhile, I advise you to inquire of some of the old warriors what kind of exercise they found for themselves—and their wives—at the beginning of the war, to sharpen their appetites."

Peleg was at the door, quite out of breath, and hastily inquired if he could speak a word with the general before he retired. "Speak on, brother," said Joshua. "My name is Peleg. I would not trouble you at this late hour, but I live in Sharon, and our station is supposed to be very healthy; and we have received hints that a number of invalids are looking toward us. Eliab has been on a visit for his health, and gave a horrible description of 'the hill country'—that he 'has done with it forever!' He gave hints to one that he intended to be stationed with us; and I was requested to see you, if possible, before he spoke with you and obtained any encouragement. We have had invalids until we are tired of them. When they first arrive they tell us how they are worn down, and have come in hopes to recover. If we remind them of work to be done, they tell us the general did not expect full duty of them; but they all pray that our next captain may be a firm, healthy man, and able to perform full service. Our fortress was sinking into decay, and we have made extensive repairs, and are much in debt; and we must have a working man this year that has the root of the matter in him—a man who is not afraid of soiling his fingers in gathering smooth stones out of the brook, and has an arm to use a sling or a sword. We are really tired of hearing sighing and complaints of feebleness from men who can eat a hearty meal, and take full exercise in pursuing their own pleasures. Remember Sharon, and do the best you can for us this year. Farewell."

Joshua arose to retire as a venerable captain came in. He bore the marks of hard fighting; and, though advanced in years, he came not to be excused from service. Joshua took his old friend by the hand, and said: "I was about to go to a little sleep; but I cannot deny myself the pleasure of spending a little time with you."

"I would not have troubled you at this late hour," said Jethro; "but I find you will have a press of confidential business on the morrow, as great improvements are in anticipation. I wanted to inquire whether it was likely that either of the captains of thousands would retire from office?"

"We have not spoken of that in council," said Joshua. "Now," said Jethro, "if there should be a vacancy, I think my age and experience has qualified me to perform its duties. If not, I have thought of another plan which I would suggest for your consideration. The work has become very extensive, and I think there is a demand for a new district. We might make the Well of Harod the center, and include a part of the great plain of Esdraelon, Jezreel, and Eudor, taking in Tabor and Gilboa on the north, and bordering on Jordan on the east, and a few stations of the southern district; this would be sufficient for one man. The other districts can well spare these stations, as they are now too large for convenience. I could then locate my family at that well, where they could enjoy the medicinal virtues of the waters; and I could visit most of the stations and return the same day, and in no case need I be absent more than two or three days at a time. This will be most grateful to the feelings of my wife, as she is rather nervous, and does not like to be left alone."

"Why, Jethro, you surprise me!" said Joshua. "You were always for pushing the battle to the gate. I expected that men who had known very little hardship would plead, even to tears, for accommodation; but, surely, this is new business for you. What strange change has come over you?"

"I am not sure I have not the strength to grapple with such giants. In fact, I have no skill in warfare in such a rugged country. I have thought that if I could go to Sharon, where the sea breezes might revive me, and the fragrance of the indigenous rose exhilarate my wasted energies, I might possibly recover from these alarming symptoms. If I cannot have some accommodation, I do not see but I must seek other employment. Excuse my freedom; but I wanted you to know my situation as soon as possible."

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### INFLUENCE.

BY REV. J. L. HARRIS.

Every careful student of history has observed the wonderful interlinkings of events all along the ages of the past. No event occurs not connected with some other event; and growing out of this we can see very clearly the working and power of influence. Influence is a power, which in many of its operations may be seen; but its most potent and dangerous power mostly operates unseen. It fashions opinion, moulds character, gives shape to the career of men and nations. Influences apparently unimportant, and seeming to be entirely without design, have given shape and character to some of the most wonderful events in the world's history.

Every man has his influence, and in it a power—a power either for good or evil. And it is a solemn thought that the works when he is gone, even when he is forgotten—works through the thoughts and deeds of survivors—works with an energy that never sleeps or grows weary. It never dies, it cannot perish, it speaks on when he is dead. When his eyes are closed in the last sleep, his hands folded on his silent breast, and his cold lips sealed in stillness, it may be said of him: "He being dead, yet speaketh."

Let none of us say that we have no influence. We have. It is as inseparable from our social life as the air we breathe from our physical life. I care not how lowly our condition, we are more or less associated with every movement around us—with every member of society, whether they be younger or older, weaker or stronger than ourselves.

We exert an unconscious influence. We are always casting the shadow of our real life upon some one; and a single word spoken, or a look given, may affect even the immortal destiny of some one with whom we associate. It is said that among the Alps at certain seasons the traveler is told to proceed very quietly, for on the steep slopes overhead the snow hangs so evenly balanced that the report of a gun, or even the sound of a human voice, may destroy the equilibrium and bring down an immense avalanche that will overwhelm everything in its downward path. And so, about our way, for aught we know, there may be a soul in the very crisis of its moral history, trembling between spiritual life and death, and a touch, a single word, from us may determine its destiny.

A young lady under conviction for sin, and deeply concerned for her salvation, had her solemn impressions all dissipated by the unseemly jesting of a member of the church by her side as she passed out of the sanctuary. The irreverent and worldly spirit that was shown by this thoughtless professor of religion cast a shadow on that young lady, who was already not far from the kingdom, and turned her away from the cross. How important, then, that we should always and everywhere walk worthy of our high calling as Christians!

"So that our lips and lives express The holy gospel we profess."

It is not the Lutherans, and Wesleyans, and Washingtons alone that exert wide influences, that give shape to present enterprises, and direction to coming events. Not these alone, we say, but the humble and obscure may have an important share in shaping and controlling everything around us. A late writer says: "As the smallest particle of matter upon this globe of ours exerts an influence upon the largest and most distant orb rolling in the universe, so the most obscure individual, unknown to fortune or to fame, must have assisted in swelling the tide of influence which is now pouring its resistless torrents over the intellectual and moral world."

Should you sail out on the ocean and drop a pebble into the water, you would observe little circling wavelets around where it fell. Now philosophers tell us that these little ripples will continue to widen and widen until they reach the land, and that their motion will be felt by each grain of sand along the wave-line on the shore. So with every little deed which we cast into the sea of time. It will make its ripple, the circles of which will continue to widen until they reach the shore of time, when they will leap across the stream of death, and commence their unending life on the great ocean of eternity. Even the wavelet which starts in the seclusion of our own home may wash the shores of the land which is immortal.

Quincy, Mass.

### A REMINISCENCE.

It was the privilege and pleasure of the writer, in the fall of '45 or '46, to form the acquaintance, in Boston, of a young man, then lately from Bath, Maine. Pleased with his acquaintance, and learning that he was a church-goer, we gave him an invitation to attend church with us on the following Sabbath, to which he consented. On parting at the close of the week's work, we reminded him of his promise, and assured him we should hold him to its fulfillment. He replied that he was "going to Warren Street to hear Brother Skinner preach the truth." To this we did not consider it becoming in us to object, and so we parted.

On reaching the door of Church St. Church on Sabbath morning, whom should we meet but our friend and shopmate, who, being a stranger in the city, had lost his way, and, as many lost ones have done before and since, had found a haven at old Church Street. Of course he did not decline an invitation to a seat with us.

On entering the church we discovered that for that morning Dr. Raymond had effected an exchange with a six-foot-four live Yankee. After an observance of the preliminaries, the speaker announced as his text, Luke 10: 20, and from it gave a very interesting and thoroughly evangelical discourse upon the positive character of Christianity and its evidences. On retiring from the

house, we asked of our friend his opinion of the speaker and received the laconic reply, "Smart fellow."

If ever Mr. Frank Fassett, architect and builder, of Portland, Me., should chance to meet that irrepressible neophyte, Rev. Mark Trafton, D. D., we venture the assertion that he will find neither difficulty nor danger in cultivating a close acquaintance with his willom "smart fellow."

C. K.

### SUMMER.

BY MRS. J. B. HILL.

Summer winds are softly sighing  
Through the emerald leaves,  
Sweet fragrance from a thousand flowers  
Is borne on every breeze.

The fields are robed in brightest green,  
The birds at early dawn  
Four forth their sweetest songs of praise,  
Wild flowers the vales adorn.

God's sunshine fills the earth with light,  
The hill-tops crown with gold;  
And brings to light in mossy dells  
New beauties manifold.

From blinds of grass to radiant star  
We trace the hand divine;  
Our Heavenly Father's tender love  
Hath made the earth's beauties mine.

O great Creator, Source of joy!  
Be Thou our guide and stay,  
In sunny hours, in winter's gloom,  
O'er life's tempestuous way.

And when these lovely scenes of earth  
For us have passed away,  
Oh, then may in heaven's fair land  
Spend one long summer day!

Livermore Falls, Me.

### THE FEVERISH HAND.

It was a Monday morning, and a rainy one at that. "Mother" was busy from the moment she sprang out of bed, at the first sound of the rising bell. Others beside children get out of bed "on the wrong side," as this mother can testify. She began by thinking over all that lay before her. It made her "feel like flying!" Bridget would be cross as it was rainy; there was a chance of company for lunch, so the parlor must be tidied, as well as dining-room swept, dishes washed, lamps trimmed, beds made and children started for school. Her hands grew hot as she buttered bread for luncheon, waited on those who had to start early, and tried to pacify the little ones and Bridget.

"My dear, you're feverish," said her husband, as he held her hands a moment. Let her work go and rest yourself—you'll find it says."

"Just like a man!" thought the mother. "Why, I haven't time for my prayers!" But the little woman had resolved that she would read a few verses before ten o'clock each day; so, standing by her bureau, she opened to the eighth chapter of Matthew and read these words: "And he touched her hand and the fever left her; and she arose and ministered unto them."

It seemed to that busy wife as if Jesus himself stood ready to heal her—to take the fever out of her hands; that she might minister wisely to her dear ones. The fever could wait till later in the day—the parlor might be a little disordered—she must feel His touch! She knelt and whispered: "My strength, [not yours, child], is sufficient. . . . As thy day so shall thy strength be. . . . My yoke is easy [this yoke, you have been galled by it—the world's yoke, the yoke of public opinion or housewifely ambition]—take My yoke upon you and learn of Me. . . . Ye shall find rest."

The day was no brighter, the work had still to be done; but the fever had left her, and all the day she sang, "This God is our God, my Lord and my God."

It is true that, when the friends came to lunch, there had not been time to arrange the parlor, and no fancy dishes had been prepared for the table, but the hostess' heart was filled for them as members, with her, of Christ, and they went away hungering for such a realization of Him as they saw she had in her.

"Ah," said her husband when he held her hands once more, "I see you took my advice, dear; the fever is quite gone."

The wife hesitated—could she tell her secret? Was it not almost too sacred? Yet—it was the secret of the Lord (not here) and would glorify Him. Later on, when the two sat together, she told him that she had cured her fever, and said, quietly, "I see that there is a more important ministry than the housekeeping, though I don't mean to neglect that."

"Let us ask the Lord to keep hold of our hands," said her husband. "Mine grow feverish in eager money-making, as yours in too eager housekeeping."

This is no fancy sketch. Dear mothers, busy, anxious housekeepers, let us go again and again to Him, that He may touch our hands lest they be feverish, and so we cannot minister, in the highest sense, to those about us.—HOPKINS LIDYARD, in *Christian at Work*.

### The Little Folks.

IN THE WHEEL HOUSE.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

"You might as well come inside here, Johnny," said the pilot of one of our large steamboats to a boy who stood shivering on the hurricane deck. The lad turned pale, anxious face, and with a pitiful attempt at a smile, said—

"Thank you, sir, but I thought there was no admittance here."

"Oh, once in a while we let a friend in," said the pilot kindly, and with a sweeping glance that took his companion in from top to toe, and seemed to penetrate to his inmost soul.

"Where're you bound?" he continued, with a hearty brusqueness from which no offence could be taken.

"I don't know exactly," the lad answered. "I'm going to Boston first, that is—"

"Yes—that's about what I thought," the pilot interrupted, "if you can manage to get there. Let me tell you something, my boy. A man in my position has every opportunity in the world to study character, and as quick as my eyes lit upon your face I knew you were running away from home."

The only response to this was a hasty turning away of the head, and a quick,

gasping sigh which sounded forlorn indeed from one so young.

"And I wouldn't be afraid to wager this steamboat that you have got a mother living, and more than that, as kind and loving a mother as ever drew breath. You wonder how I know all this," the man continued, his eyes fixed on the waste of water before him, and his steady hands guiding the great craft with perfect ease and precision; "but you carry your mother about in your face, my lad, and your eyes are a bad give-away," he added with a smile.

"Now I am going to tell you a story. You are about sixteen, I take it? Yes, I thought so. Well, I was a year older when I concluded I knew more than my mother and all the rest of my relations, and skipped, just as you have. You feel that you have been the victim of injustice, and all the right in the universe is on your side. That was my case, but I was a fool, and so are you. There is no necessity of entering into particulars, but I was jealous of my older brothers and made myself believe that they were in collusion to keep me out of money that honestly belonged to me. I wanted some of the property that was eventually coming to me, to travel with. I was wild to see the world, and the ridicule of my brothers, and my mother's apparent sympathy with them, made me desperate. Well, one rumpus followed another, my mother all the time trying to show me how unjust and ridiculous my demands were, until one day I threw all affection and decency to the winds and ran away."

"Now the point that I particularly want to make in this yarn, my lad, and which I would give a good many dollars to impress upon others, is, that any fellow with a grain of honest love for his mother in his heart, is pretty sure to have something to regret as long as he lives if he hurts that mother by doing what you and I have. In a moment of anger we say to ourselves, no one cares for us and we care for nobody, and then some awful troubles come along, and we find too late that we have only deceived ourselves. Now I tramped up and down the earth for six months without sending a line home or hearing a word from home, and at last there came a day when sickness from exposure and labor beyond my years and my strength drove me back. But not to stay or make myself known to any one, but to take—or, I should rather say, steal—some money or some valuables which I could convert into money to bridge over the present emergency. You had no idea that you were talking with a man who had been tempted like that, eh? Well, I said to myself that it was simply taking a small share of what was mine by right. There were ten thousand dollars held in trust for me, and it was a great pity if I could not have enough of it to purchase food and medicine. I will do myself the credit to say that there did not appear to be any holes in that argument then, and that in every other respect I was an honest lad."

"It required no skill to let myself in to my mother's house. To slip the catch from one of the back parlor windows was the work of a moment. My mother always kept her money in a desk in the sitting-room adjoining her bedroom. I had written a note to leave there, telling her my reasons for appropriating the money. Great heavens! It makes my blood run cold as my thought goes back to the horrors of that night. As I softly raised the window and crept into the room, I was struck, it seemed to me, with the chill of death. I had no fear of being caught—I knew the ways of the house too well for that—and I was never in my life very much afraid of anything or anybody. It was a chaff that seemed to strike clear through me, causing my teeth to chatter and my heart to feel like a lump of ice in my bosom. These were novel sensations, and I tried to analyze them, but it was of no use. I found that I literally did not dare to move hand or foot in this awful blackness. I knew where the matches were formerly kept, and could have reached them by a couple of steps, but how to take those steps was the question. At last by a supreme effort of the will I groped my way to the mantel-piece. There were two matches in the box. I struck one, and my hand shook so that I was afraid it would go out before I could look about me. But it lasted long enough, my lad, to show me a sight which very nearly killed me on the spot. Just in front of me by the folding-doors was a coffin, and I knew then that it was the presence of death in the room that had sent such a chill to every fibre of my being. At this crisis, my boy, I realized the criminality of my conduct to the fullest extent. In some form or other it always comes home to everybody but the most hardened and depraved, and it's my opinion that somewhere, some time, even these are brought to an understanding of the torture they have inflicted upon others."

"I must look and see what face it was shut away from sight in this narrow bed; but how could I? They tell us that in great crises people sometimes have a quick and awful glimpse of all they have done in their lives. I seemed to remember everything my mother had ever said to me—all her kisses, her tears, the prayers I had said at her knee, all my own heartlessness, every mean and cruel word I had ever spoken, every single act of disobedience. I had come to-night to rob her, and had found her in her coffin. But perhaps it might not be. It was not impossible that some one else in the house could have died, I told myself. But no! Some agonizing intuition seemed to tell me that it was my mother, and I had killed her. God forbid, my lad, that I should not be able to do some good with this terrible experience! I have faced some dangers since, been in some tight places, but there is nothing seen or unseen that would ever be to me what it was to strike that coffin lid. With a desperation which no pen or tongue can describe, I forced myself toward the folding doors, and then after a pause in which the beating of my heart sounded in my ears like the roar of artillery, I ignited

the match and raised the lid, but the little blaze only flashed out for a second, leaving me in total darkness again. Then the lid fell from my hand with a sharp click, and a moment afterwards my eldest brother and a friend rushed in and discovered me.

"Mother?" I gasped, pointing in my unutterable agony to the coffin.

"Alive and well," was the joyful answer; and that was the last I knew for several days.

"This poor lifeless body that had shown me where I stood in reference to my mother, as well as in the category of crime, was that of a distant relative who had fallen ill and died at our house. I made a clean breast to my mother, and she forgave me, and loved me and petted me as only mothers know how to do. And now, my boy, I want to ask you to go home with me to-morrow and see my mother—the loveliest old lady on the continent—and let me telegraph to your mother in the morning, and then you can go back with me on the next trip. What do you say?"

"I'll do it, sir, and may God bless you for your kindness!" the boy answered, wiping away for the first time the tears that had rolled down his face like rain during the telling of this true and tragic story.

### Miscellany.

#### Faith in Action.

A poor little street-girl was taken sick one Christmas, and carried to a hospital.

While there she heard the story of Jesus coming into the world to save us. It was all new to her, but very precious. She could appreciate such a wonderful Saviour, and the knowledge made her very happy as she lay upon her little cot.

One day the nurse came around at the usual hour, and "Little Broomstick" (that was her street name) held her by the hand, and whispered:—

"I'm having real good times here—ever such good times! Spouse I shall have to go 'way from here just as soon as I get well; but I'll take the good time along—some of it, anyhow. Did you know 'bout Jesus bein' born?"

"Yes," replied the nurse, "I know. Sh-sh-sh! Don't talk any more."

"You did? I thought you looked as if you didn't, and I was 'goin' to tell you."

"Why, how did I look?" asked the nurse, forgetting her own orders in her curiosity.

"Oh, just like most of 'em—kind o' glum. It is 'bout that way, anyhow. Could we have only seen her then, that child, 'Eliza, aged ten!'"

We knew her not at morning; But when her noon-time came, With childish love and prattle, We gave her the new name, Replete with all that's pure and good— The sacred name of motherhood.

And now the afternoon has passed; It is the evening tide; On the wings of simple grace, Among the glorified, We look her finished life-work through— The misplanned success, O how few!

—SUSAN T. PERRY, in N. Y. Evangelist.

### OUR MOTHER'S SAMPLER.

It was wrought in silken letters, As was the fashion then, Stitched into our mother's sampler— "Eliza, aged Ten!"

"Was long ago—about sixty years! Below the name the date appears. In 'eighteen hundred twenty-three! We often heard her tell— She walked two miles to school that year, And we remember well, How underneath the elm tree's shade She rested when a little maid.

Above her name the alphabet, In letters large and small, Was wrought in red, and 'true love blue,' And cross-stitched, one and all. The rows divided off by lines, Made from some old and quiet designs.

And through the summer sunshine, And through the winter's snow, With the sampler in her pocket, Early we used to go. And afterwards, the lessons done, She worked the letters,







## The Week.

## DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.

Tuesday, July 27.

The Suffolk Glass Works property sold by auction for \$12,000.

Six persons drowned in Walnut River, near Douglas, Kan.

Burning of the car works of Wells & French in Chicago, the property loss aggregating \$300,000.

The leader of the revolt in the King's County (N. Y.) Penitentiary crowded by order of the warden.

Arrival of 387,821 immigrants in this country during the fiscal year ending June 30 last—a decrease of 122,013 over the corresponding period of 1884.

The Dominion Parliament prorogued.

Occurrence of a battle recently between the government forces and the revolutionists in Colombia, in which one thousand men are reported killed.

An American named John Platt, belonging in Yonkers, N. Y., shot and instantly killed by a military guard at San Domingo, having been mistaken for ex-President Seario.

Strike of 2,500 cotton operatives at Oldham, Eng.

Wednesday, July 22.

Sudden change for the worse in Gen. Grant's condition. The end thought to be near.

Acceptance of the presidency of Cornell University by Prof. Charles Kendall Adams.

Louis Riel, the leader of the Northwest rebellion, arraigned on a charge of high treason, at Regina, Canada.

Collision at Plymouth, Eng., between the steamship "Hecia" and the Liverpool and London steamer "Cheerful." Foundering of the latter, and loss of thirteen of her crew and passengers.

Kassala attacked by the rebels. The attempt repulsed by the garrison. Reported rebel loss, 3,000 in killed and wounded.

Thursday, July 23.

Peaceful and painless death of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant at the Drexel cottage on Mt. McGregor.

All the gambling houses in Chicago closed by order of the chief of police.

The complete control of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservation in the Indian Territory to be turned over to the War Department.

William M. Moffet, of New Jersey, appointed U. S. consul at Athens.

The trial of Louis Riel postponed until Tuesday next.

Fifty torpedo boats to be added by Russia to her fleet in the Black Sea.

Friday, July 24.

Issuance of a proclamation by the President directing the cattle men on the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservation in the Indian Territory to remove their cattle within five days.

Marriage of Princess Beatrice, youngest daughter of Queen Victoria, to Prince Henry of Battenberg, at Whippingham, Isle of Wight.

The British government stated to have received confirmation of the reported death of El Mahdi of small-pox.

Saturday, July 25.

Gen. Grant to be buried in Central Park, New York city, on Saturday, Aug. 8. The body to lie in state in the Capitol in Albany and in the City Hall, New York.

Total loss of property by the great tornado in Minnesota, Sept. 2, 1884, \$4,000,000.

Lillenthal's tobacco factory in New York city damaged to the extent of \$250,000 by fire.

Suicide of Schaverke, the French artist.

Forty-five persons killed and twenty-five badly wounded by the fall of a block of buildings in Cologne, Prussia.

Monday, July 27.

The Birchdale Springs Hotel, a summer resort near Concord, N. H., burned to the ground.

Twenty-three deaths of adults from heat reported from Philadelphia, and four from New York.

The remains of General Grant under the guard of veteran soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic. Continued expressions of disapproval and disappointment at the selection of New York as the burial place of the General, heard in Washington.

Disastrous cloud-burst near Colorado Springs, Col. Loss of life feared.

Agreement by Russia to withdraw her troops from the advanced positions in the Zulufar Pass on condition that the Afghans be restrained from occupying the evacuated positions.

Destruction, by incendiaries, of 500,000 roubles' worth of property at Klin, Moscow.

(Continued from page 5.)

ents to Teach their Children the Word of God."

Last Sabbath was a day of rejoicing at South Anson M. E. Church. Rev. J. Robinson, the pastor, baptized five persons and received one in full membership. A large congregation was present. This appointment was connected with the Stark and Industry charge last Conference.

The sudden death of Rev. E. W. Hutchinson, of South Berwick, last Monday, as announced by the associated press, is a great blow to our Conference. Stricken away in the midst of his most useful labor, in the midst of an enterprise in church building for which he was especially desired the third year, it is a special affliction to the South Berwick charge and to the Conference. He falls in the strength of his manhood. Bro. Hutchinson came among us as superintendent of the Reform School, where he served the State with great ability, and has since been the popular pastor of Gorham, West End, Portland, Falmouth, and South Berwick. He was a good man and an able minister, whose death will be felt as a loss to the Conference as well as by his family.

The Augusta and Gardiner Methodist societies joined in a delightful excursion last Tuesday to Fort Popham on the Delta Collins. The Augusta Methodists have continued the privilege of holding meetings in their vestry to the Salvation Army.

## EAST MAINE.

## BUCKSPORT DISTRICT.

Gouldsboro.—H. W. Norton, pastor. The new church was dedicated the 8th. Rev. C. B. Besse preached in the afternoon, and Presiding Elder Libby in the evening preached the dedicatory sermon, and, assisted by Bros. Besse, Frohock,

and the pastor, dedicated the church. The people of this charge have done nobly, and, as a result, enter their church with the satisfaction that it is unencumbered by debt.

Columbia.—F. L. Brooks, pastor. Notwithstanding it is in summer, a revival is in progress. Seven persons have sought the Lord Jesus during the present week, and the interest increases.

Calais.—J. F. Haley, pastor. This society has just purchased a parsonage, which affords a fine home for the successful and popular pastor. Probably there is no church in East Maine having so fine a prospect before it as this church has.

Ellsworth.—F. H. Osgood, pastor. The year opens with much promise. The pastor has already secured a large place in the hearts of the people of his society, and is taking hold of the public at large so as to be of influence for good.

## BANGOR DISTRICT.

Twelve persons have recently been baptized in Guilford, and quite a number more will soon follow. With a gracious religious influence, the Guilford Church has reason to rejoice and sing.

George F. Bradford has been appointed to the pastorate of the Morocircuit.

G. R. Palmer baptized four in Oakfield, July 14. Twenty were received into the church, and a church organization effected. The church in Oakfield is largely the fruit of the labors of Andrew J. Lewis.

B. C. Wentworth and family, of Houlton, are on a vacation and visit to see old friends. While in Camden they expect to meet Prof. Clifford, of Texas, brother of Mrs. Wentworth. Houlton has a live preacher, and one that gives sledge-hammer blows to the rum demon; and Houlton is a live town just now, as the village is building up the burnt district and putting in extensive water works.

P. E.

## VERMONT.

The new church at West Randolph is to be dedicated Aug. 5. Rev. B. K. Peirce, D. D., editor of Zion's Herald, will preach at 2 o'clock P. M., and Rev. T. P. Frost, of Montpelier, at 7.30 P. M.

The last quarterly meeting at Randolph was a precious season of grace. Bro. L. O. Sherburne received a daughter of one of our deceased ministers into the church. The Master graced the feast with His manifest presence. Several have found the Lord since Conference.

At South Royalton the quarterly meeting was excellent in spirit. The church is looking up, and Bro. J. S. Little feels encouraged. The property is being improved by grading of the grounds and a garden fence.

A letter from Bro. T. Trevillian, who is visiting his friends in England, brings intelligence of his improved health, and of activity in the Master's work in his native land. He has been invited to preach several times, and while declining for the most part, consented to preach on two anniversary occasions. He hopes to return greatly refreshed for his work at Rochester, where his parishioners will give him a cordial "welcome home."

Bro. T. P. Frost, of Montpelier, is enjoying a greatly-needed and well-earned vacation among his friends at Woodstock and Weston. Miss Mary S. Knowles, the evangelist, was visiting some friends at Montpelier last week, and occupied the pulpit of Trinity church in the evening. Bro. J. R. Bartlett, of the Vermont Christian Messenger, supplies for Bro. Frost during his absence.

We are just as glad as any one, not to say proud, of the distinction our friends, Dr. J. C. W. Cox and Miss Emma L. Cooper, B. A., are achieving. If we cannot retain them in our local ranks, we congratulate ourselves that Vermont furnishes such workers for the wider field of our great church.

We offer our sympathies to our brother, Dr. A. Webster, and family in their great bereavement, and put this line here because many Vermont friends will join us in these expressions of loving interest.

We are happy to learn that five persons rose for prayers at Gouldsboro Sunday night; and that at a special meeting for inquirers Monday night, two backsliders declared their purpose to return to their Father's house. In these tokens of good Bro. A. G. Austin is being greatly encouraged.

At Enosburg Falls Bro. C. H. Sweatt has had a pleasant opening. The finances are in the condition. Pastor's receipts, first quarter, \$190. The congregations are larger and the Sunday-school full. The parsonage purchased just before Conference is a very comfortable house.

Bro. D. C. Thatcher, of Bethel, has taken to himself a wife—Miss Anna Cummings, of Gouldsboro, who will prove to be a true helpmeet.

H. A. S.

## RHODE ISLAND.

Rev. H. W. Conant, agent of the Rhode Island Temperance Union, gives in the Providence Journal "the sum of \$754,853.80 as a partial exhibit of the drink bill" of the city of Providence for the last decade.

There was a very destructive fire in Phenix, Monday, July 13. The Methodist church edifice, which was near the

heart of the fire, was saved by the earnest efforts of the citizens. A row of five trees probably saved it, as without them the heat on and around the building would have been too severe to allow persons to remain near enough to fight the flames. The building was on fire several times.

"Hard times," can't do it, is often urged as an excuse for not "pushing things." Sometimes it is the lack of push more than anything else that keeps the finances dragging, and the church in a "poor dying state." For about a dozen years the Methodist church at Washington has carried a debt. Attempts have been made to reduce or pay the \$1,800, but in April last \$1,000 still remained. By the invitation of the trustees, Rev. C. N. Hinckley, the pastor, proceeded to solicit subscriptions on the condition that the whole amount should be raised. Bro. H. has done his work well, has collected and paid to the treasurer of the trustees the one thousand dollars, and relieved the church of this burden it has so long carried. How many thousands dollars Methodist ministers have raised for their people without compensation, and sometimes without even a "thank you!" But their "record is on high."

The Providence Journal has yielded to the greed for gold, and announced its first Sunday issue for July 19. "Pity 'tis, 'tis true."

The "Gleaners" of the Methodist society, East Greenwich, held a lawn party on the grounds of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. G. Hill, Wednesday evening, July 15. Two hundred Chinese lanterns made a picturesque and attractive showing. A large number gathered to enjoy the pleasant occasion.

One of the "old residents" died in Providence, Tuesday, July 14—Elizabeth Cozzens, aged 100 years and 5 months.

There are twelve different Sunday newspapers sold in Providence. Four of them are from New York—Times, Tribune, Herald and Globe; six published in Providence—Weekly Visitor (Catholic), Transcript, Dispatch, Star, Journal and Telegram. The evil these papers do is incalculable.

The funeral of Rev. Jonathan Cady was held in the Trinity M. E. Church, Providence, Wednesday afternoon, July 22. Dr. Talbot, presiding elder of the district, had charge of the services. Appropriate remarks were made by Dr. Talbot and the pastor of the church, Rev. J. B. Hamilton. Father Cady was 83 years old, and died after an exceedingly painful illness in perfect peace. He was universally respected and loved. His pastor will probably send to the Herald a memoir of his long and useful life.

Cremation is slowly coming into practice, but who would have supposed that so soon it could have been favorably accepted as a part of Sunday service! Yet this has actually taken place. Embury Church, Central Falls, has for years been paying interest on a mortgage on its church edifice. Rev. G. M. Hamlen and his co-workers, Mrs. Hamlen, having raised the money and canceled the mortgage, it was thought well to effectually dispose of the latter. After an appropriate sermon from "Owe no man anything but to love one another," the mortgage was put on a plate held by one of the trustees, the pastor applied a lighted match, and smoke and ashes were all that remained of the token of their former bondage. Would that all similar legal bonds might end in smoke!

A Dainty little book comes to us from the well-known Palce Furniture Co., in the shape of an illustrated catalogue of designs in artistic furniture, wood mantels, curtains, upholstery, etc. The designs are rich and tempting, and, like all goods from this house, at lowest possible prices. The book will be sent free upon application.

The late George S. Dunbar, of Pittsfield, Mass., whose violent death has been widely commented on, held a policy in the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company of Portland, Maine, which has been promptly paid, as is evidenced by the following communication:

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., July 22, 1885.

Mr. J. G. Clark, Manager, etc.  
Dear Sir: I am pleased to acknowledge receipt of your July 4th draft for \$3,000, paid me as insurance on life of Geo. S. Dunbar, who was shot July 4, last, at Pittsfield, Mass. The prompt action of the company I consider very commendable, paying not only the full face of the policy, but adding a generous dividend, and at the same time waiving the three months' delay given by law, and paying in less than one week after proofs were sent.

(Signed) JAMES R. DUNBAR, Trustee.

CHAUTAUQUE BELLA.—In yesterday's report of Tuesday's meeting at Round Lake, we referred to the remarks of the Rev. Dr. H. Vincent concerning the Chautauque edifice and his energetic work at Chautauque. By the efforts of Dr. Vincent a full chime of ten bells, aggregating 10,750 pounds and costing \$6,000, has been obtained, and was shipped this morning from the Clinton H. Menely foundry. Each bell is to be a separate gift to the assembly.—Troy Daily Times.

Since the introduction of Parker's Hair Balsam all hair preparations have taken rank in the rear. Next pure. Price 50 cents.

It is the method of Water Evaporation in the Golden Eagle Brand that causes my friends to say, how soft and agreeable the atmosphere is in my house.

A dose of Vaseline taken just before going to bed, insures a comfortable night's rest to the nervous sufferer.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

CLAREMONT DISTRICT—SECOND QUARTER, JULY.

Costs: 10; 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Brookline, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Brookline, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

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Brookline, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Brookline, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Brookline, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

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Brookline, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71